



FEGOR

OVERLORD OF SLOTH



SHORT STORIES ON THE OVERLORDS
OF THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



Sleepy... So sleepy... How sleepy am I? Um... So sleepy that everything in front of me is getting super dark.

Oh well. It can't be helped. I mean, it is nice outside, and I've just eaten lunch, and, um, what I'm trying to say is... uh... zzz...

"Sister? Sister."

Someone's nudging at my side.

"Hm?"

"Wake up, Sister."

"Hm? Zebo-chin? What's up?"

"Sister, please wake up," Zebo-chin says. Something above him startles him and he shuts his mouth right away.

I wonder what's going on. But, it's not that I really care, so I scratch my head, yawn, and try to fall asleep again. That's when I hear a low, loud cough.

(Oh. I see. Father. Got it.)

Father's coughing is really strange. I can't reproduce the sound of it no matter how hard I try. Well, that's expected, though, because, you know. Zzz...

"Ouch."

Father is really angry. He hit me on the head just now. I started to doze off while he was lecturing. Horrible, right?



“That’s why I told you to wake up, Sister,” Zebo-chin mumbles something like that.

Then he puts a cold towel on my head to ease the pain. Such a nice boy. The cold towel... Did I say that it feels good?

“By the way, are you always like that, Sister?”

“Like what? What do you mean, Zebo-chin?”

“Well, I mean, the way you can doze off at almost any time.”

“Mmm... I’m usually awake if things are interesting. Father’s lectures are really boring, you know?”

Hey look. Zebo-chin’s face just froze. Funny.

“But you’re always like that.”

“Huh?”

Ah, now he’s looking down. He keeps doing funny things. So fun watching.

“I always thought you certainly had to be wide awake when carrying out your duties as an Overlord, at least.”

“Say, Zebo-chin? How about we go to El-El’s room?”

“You want to visit Elma? Well, there’s no reason for me to refuse.”

“Nice.”



I spend a lot more time with Zebo-chin now, ever since he graduated and became an Overlord. Pretty happy about it, you know?

Our family was always living apart, in different places, and we never got much of a chance to see each other when we were all little. But after As-chin became an Overlord, then me, and Zebo-chin, we can do as we please and no one really complains about it. I can even go with everyone and see El-El, who's too weak to step outside often. Oh, El-El is still really small, and is super soft no matter where you touch her, and super cute. She calls me "Dear Sister," too. Yeah, I'm glad I became an Overlord. I think. Maybe. I guess.

(Being an Overlord is a pain though. Father's speeches are so boring, and he scolds me if I sleep.)

I'm really surprised that everyone can stay awake for so long, all day. I wonder how they do that. Oh, wait. Not like I really want to know. Nope.

"Sister, do you speak with Brother very often?"

"You mean As-chin? Not really. Why?"

"I'd like to have a chance to speak with him. Now that I'm an Overlord, I wanted to ask for his advice, and discuss what things I should be wary about."

"Weary? You wanna slack off?"

"Uh, no. I said 'wary.'"

Huh. I thought it was weird that Zebo-chin wanted to ask about when he can slack off, but guess I heard wrong.

Whatever. Zebo-chin is a nice boy. He never yells when he corrects me or anything at times like this. Instead, he usually apologizes. Not that he needs to apologize.

"I just thought that after becoming an Overlord, I would be able to meet with Brother more often."

“Mmm... Well, As-chin is always stuck next to Father.”

Ah, Zebo-chin’s making a sad face. Zebo-chin really likes As-chin.

“But it’s true that you can meet him more than you could when you were little.”

“True. Ah, but I am happy that I can speak with you like this now too, Sister.” Zebo-chin is smiling.

“Yup, nice, right?” I smile, too.

If only things could be like this forever. You know, just talking, eating, sleeping, and sometimes being scolded too, and walking together.

But things don’t always work like that. What a chore.

(Really, Father’s speeches are so boring... Mmm...)

Most of everything he talks about is just troubling things to come.

(Fighting and stuff is so tiring...)

I can’t sleep during a fight.

“Um, can I ask you something, Sister?”

“Hm?”

“Were you scared when you went out to your very first battle?” Zebo-chin asks in a low voice.

Ooh, I think he’s serious. At least, it sounds serious.

“Oh, yeah. This is your first battle, Zebo-chin.”

“Yes, it is.”

“First battle... I wonder if I was scared.”

I don't really remember. I mean, there's been a lot of fighting and wars recently that my memory is all jumbled up. Guess that's not good.

"I'm sorry for asking such a pathetic question."

"Hm? Don't worry. I'm not really having fun in battle anyway, you know."

Zebo-chin's eyes widen. "Is that so? Considering your achievements in battle, I thought you must have been enjoying them."

"Well, it's kinda bad to know that I don't care much for killing angels and things like that."

"You don't care?"

"Oh, don't tell Father, okay?"

"He gets really angry when he hears someone say that they

don't care."

(The truth is, I don't know why we're the ones attacking.)

I bet the angels sleep, and sleep and sleep, too. I bet they'd rather sleep than fight.

(I wonder why we have to do stuff like fighting.)

Last time I asked Father that seriously, he just hit my head.

"Yeah. What a chore."

Zebo-chin is looking at me with a weird expression on his face. I don't know what to say, so I just stretch, hoping that the moment passes.



As for the war, it looks like everyone talked stuff and it's ended up with us going to invade the Heavens, or something.

(Ew. What a chore...)

Looks like I have to say bye to my bed for a while. I really, really don't wanna leave my bed. Being able to sleep anywhere and being able to sleep on my bed are two different things. But, if I have to go, guess I just have to go. Zebo-chin's gonna be there too, so... Um... Zzz...

“The enemy's invading!”

Boom!

I hear a super loud sound.

“Huh?” I wake up yawning. The Devil Phone is making

noise, hopping around in my room.

“The angels are invading the Gate of Hell!”

What? Did it just say invasion?’



My eyes open in an instant. I kick my blanket off, shove Righty and Lefty on, and leap out of my room.

“Sister!” Zebo-chin is running down the hall. “The enemy! At the Gate of Hell!”

“Why?”

“I don’t know.”

“No, I want to know why!”

In anger, I stomp the floor with my foot.

“Sister?”

Whoops, not right. I’m not supposed to be angry at Zebo-chin.

“I’m going to the Gate of Hell.”

“I’ll go, too!”

“If you follow me, Father’s going to be mad.”

“Even still! There’s no time for me to wait for everyone to assemble! They’re right at our doorstep!”

He’s right. They’re literally right there. The moment they break through the Gate, they’ll invade the city, and so many helpless citizens are going to die. And in the castle, there’s El-El...

(I’m going to kill them all before they get here!)

I’m a bit surprised at how awake I am. I sprint out of the castle immediately.

“Fegor!”

As soon as I step outside, I hear a voice. I recognize it as As-chin.

“To the stables!”

I wave my right arm in thanks and head for the stables. Near the entrance of it are some beasts for us Fallen Ones to mount during battle.

(Looks like he got them ready in advance. He probably prepared them thinking the angels would strike back.)

There’s a lot more I want to think about, but I’ll save the thinking until later. I choose one of the beasts, and it whinnies really loudly as I mount it. With the body of a horse and the head of an eagle, the winged beast flies skyward.

(It happened after all. Look at what’s happened!)

I don’t think too much on politics because I don’t know anything about them. But, what’s so hard to understand? Things are actually really simple.

(You’d be angry if your house burned down. If you die, your family would cry.)

It doesn’t matter if you’re angels or Fallen Ones. Why doesn’t anyone understand that?

(If someone loses something, they’d try to retaliate!)

Why doesn’t anyone understand such a simple thing? Father’s a real dummy!

“Sister!”

Amid the sound of flapping wings is Zebo-chin’s voice—he followed me.

“Angels, ahead of you!”

I see a cluster of angels with white wings surrounding the Gate, and they’re only moving closer.

“Zebo-chin, you stay put.”

“Sister, I’ll...”

“I said, stay put!” I leap off of my beast. “This is what it means to fight!”

Bracing myself for impact, I connect with the ground—boom!

The loud force of my landing sends shockwaves that hurl some of the angels backward.

(I’ll kill them all.)

What other choice do I have? It’s not as if I can let them go once they’re this far in.

(I’ll remove them all from the Underworld.)

I slash with Righty at the angel who lunges at me, and

impale his stomach with Lefty. He falls from the air and crashes onto the ground, his insides spilling out of him.

“Aah!”

The angel with his sword raised in front of me shrieks.

(He must be scared.)

After that thought, I pierce through his body, too.

(Yeah... What a chore...)

Lefty skewers through the angel’s heart, and I see its eyes looking around as it emerges from behind the angel’s back.

(The angel may have a sister, too. It might have been his first battle, just like this was for Zebo-chin.)

Thinking about those sort of things is really draining.

As if it'll clear my head of those tiring thoughts, I swing Righty swiftly, and slice the angel's head off.

It's so tiring. I wanna get this over with quick.

"Righty? Lefty?"

I put all of my magic into my attack.

"Righty!"

"Lefty-lefty!"

The angels around me explode into tiny pieces, raining blood and flesh.

But this isn't enough... There are still more alive.

(Die.)

I swing my arm across the field, creating a burst of wind

that surges forward and intensifies, coalescing into a cleaving tornado that sends more heads flying into the air.

"You filthy Fallen One!"

I glance upward to see an angel above me.

"Take this!"

The blade of his sword is poised straight for my neck, but... What a slow swing...

(It's so slow, I have enough time to yawn.)

I parry with Righty, dislodging his sword from his hand and ripping his arm from his body—both sword and maimed arm are sent flying backward into the air.

"I've got you now!" he screams. A blade appears from the tip of his soles and he swings his leg desperately at me.



Nothing to it. So slow. It won't hit. His kick misses me, and...

“Sister!”

Another voice from above.

“Zebo-chin?”

“Haaaaaaah!” With a roar, Zebo-chin slices the angel's head clean off.

I must have been staring a bit too much. Looks like the angel's blade skimmed my cheek.

(Ouch.)

The angel's corpse collapses to the ground. After that, I fall to the ground too.

“Sister! Sister!”

For someone who's just showed off so much power in mid-air, he's all shook up. Is he scared? Or, is he excited?

“Sister! You're hurt!”

“It's because of you, Zebo-chin. Now, calm down.”

“But...”

“I thought I told you to stay put.”

“I will not let Sister go out to battle by herself!”

He yelled at me. With a serious voice, too.

Look at how scared he is. Look at how pale he looks. And yet, he tries to hold a strong front. Like usual.

“Say, Zebo-chin. Are you scared?”

“Yes, very much so.”

He looks like he's gonna tear up. Good, there's my Zebo-chin. I feel a bit better now.

"Okay. You did well. Let's let As-chin take care of the rest."

I point upward towards the sky. Clouds of the Underworld's mounted beasts are in the air, riding towards us.

"Father! Brother!"

Zebo-chin is crumpled over on the ground next to me, and I gently pat his head.



"Mmm..."

Sleepy... So sleepy... How sleepy am I? Um... So sleepy that everything in front of me is getting super dark.

"Sister!"

"Hm?"

"Come down, Sister. I need to speak with you."

There Zebo-chin goes again. Calling me from the bottom of the tree in his serious sounding voice.

"What? Things were just getting good, too."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, don't let it bother you."

“Huh? No, wait! Come down, please!”

How come he can't come up the tree instead? Not that I'd say that out loud, or else he'd probably yell even louder.

“Okay, okay. I'm down. What is it?”

“Please sit over here.”

He points to the ground, so I take a seat there.

“Why did you arrange for it to look like it was me who was responsible for all of that?”

“Huh?”

“I'm talking about that battle we just had! You were the one who destroyed the angels who broke through the Gate! So why is it that instead, everyone believes I'm the one who stopped them?!”

“Um, why are you yelling at me?”

“Do you know how much trouble you're causing me with your false report?!”

“I wasn't lying. You're the one who killed the group's leader.”

“That was only possible because you already weakened him, Sister!”

“I took his arm, you took his head.”

Not bad for his first battle. After Zebo-chin struck, the remaining angels went into panic, and fled the Underworld once our forces arrived at the battlefield. Yup, he did well, all right.

“But, you did much more than I did before I even...”

“Never mind the small stuff. Thanks for helping me then, Zebo-chin.”

Thanks to Zebo-chin, I didn't need to kill any more of them.

(As long as As-chin and Zebo-chin work together, the Underworld is gonna be safe.)

Knowing that assured me that things were gonna be fine.

“Happy now? Now, back to where I was.”

Time for me to go back up the tree.

(Mmm... Sleep...)

I began to yawn as I laid back onto the large branches. So sleepy. Oh well. It can't be helped. I mean, it is nice outside, and um, what was it again? I was... Zzz...

“Sister is beyond my control...” I overhear Zebo-chin say, with a voice tinged with concern. But I hear him chuckle, too.

Pretending to be asleep, I roll over and smile.

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